blessing in that we can understand those who are different and accept them as they are, which is the doorway to learning to live in peace with others. I have found this true as a cashier and in selling peaches, for I have been able to render many services. – *Virginia Cistaro, Point Harbor, NC*

Thanks to some thoughtful brother that I have discovered your journal. The few issues I have seen have rekindled my hope that something may yet be done to keep the church from becoming just another sect, or from just fading away. – *Larry Dick, 18223, 80th Ave., Edmonton, Alberta*

Ray Miller, 4388 Rota Circle, Ft. Worth, Tx. 76133, would like to handle all your newspaper and magazine subscriptions. Though he works from a wheel chair, he is really with it and has a thriving business. It will cost you no more to subscribe or renew to all national publications through him.

Jim Shafer, 405 S. McKinney, Mexia, Tx. 76667, writes of a May 29 meeting on the Restoration Movement at his congregation. The program will be made up of our brothers in the non-class congregations, especially Gene Shelburne, Jr. and Sr., W.J. Leach, Ellmore Johnson, and Thomas Langford. They will be studying the origin, present status, and future of our Movement.

Carl Ketcherside's fifth installment of "A Pilgrimage of Joy" is in this issue. We are pleased to inform you that this series will be thirty in number, and beginning in January each installment will be longer. We are pleased with the vigorous response to this series, and it is evident that the brother is saying much more than what has happened to him through the years.

Bethany College has announced a joint venture with Pepperdine University, a bicentennial conference on Alexander Campbell, to be held at Bethany, July 7-10. Speakers thus far identified are William Tucker of TCU, Bill Banowsky of Pepperdine, Perry Gresham of Bethany, and Leroy Garrett. Write Hiram Lester, Bethany College, Bethany, WV 26032 or call 304-829-7221 for further information.

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RESTORATION REVIEW

Leroy Garrett, Editor

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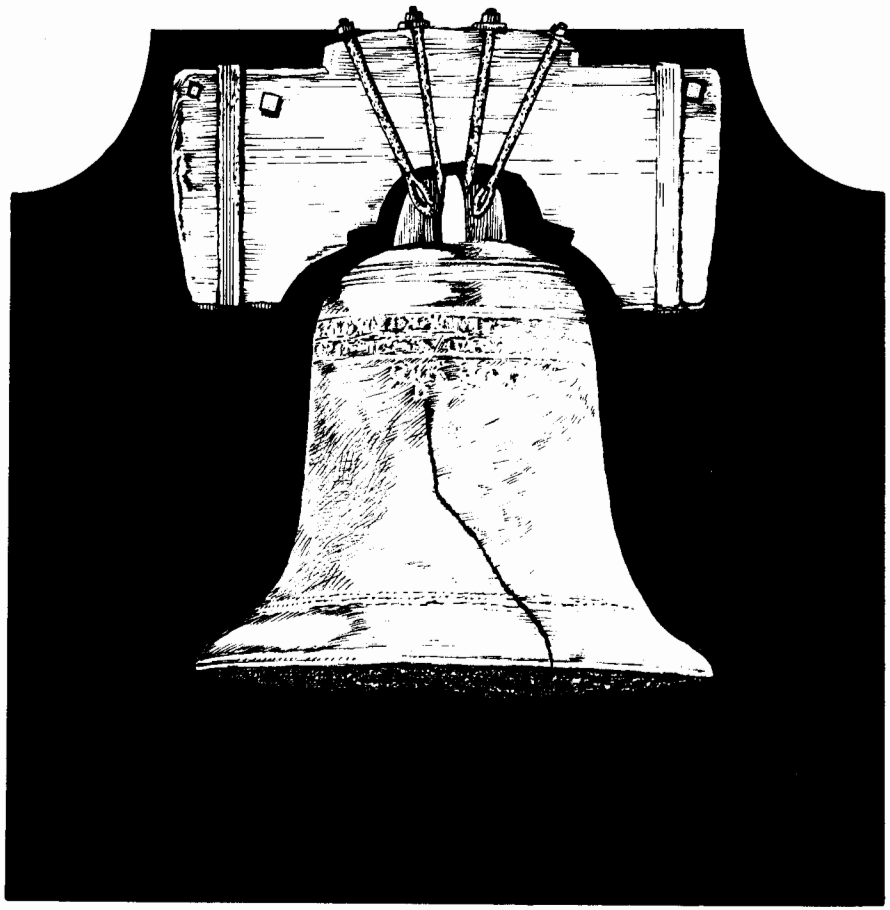

LET CHRIST'S FREEDOM RING!

The Word Abused . . .

THAT YOU ALL SPEAK THE SAME THING

The entire verse in the *King James* reads: "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no division among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and the same judgment" (1 Cor. 1:10).

Does this passage enjoin believers to see everything in the Bible alike? Does it teach that we must see eye to eye on all points of doctrine, that there can be no honest differences of opinion?

This is what we are told. *We must all speak the same thing!* If we study prophecy in the Old Covenant scriptures, we must come up with identical positions. If one brother becomes premillennial as a result of his study, and another amillennial, this simply cannot be allowed, for they are not speaking the same thing. There are something like 125 Churches of Christ that are premillennial in persuasion. These churches are cut off from the rest for being *in error.* Since they do not "speak the same thing" they cannot be considered as in the fellowship.

There are something like 800 Churches of Christ that have made the Sunday School a similar kind of issue. Since we do not "speak the same thing" on this point, fellowship is presumed to be impossible. These same congregations have a sub-division over whether a plurality of cups may be used in serving the Supper. It is another violation of 1 Cor. 1:10, we are told.

On and on it goes, almost endlessly. We have to speak "the same thing" on whether congregations may cooperate and on what basis (A division has occurred in last two decades over the support of Herald of Truth TV/Radio). We have to speak "the same thing" on instrumental music, otherwise the division must continue another century. When we all accept instrumental music alike, or all become acappella (no non-singers allowed!), then there can be unity and fellowship, for then we'll all be speaking the same thing. That is what 1 Cor. 1:10 teaches, we are told.

We will only mention some other issues: the use of literature, grape juice or wine, societies and agencies to do missionary or educational work, the pastor system, military service, secret lodges, being "charismatic." On all these issues, and many more (on *everything,* in fact!), we must all believe exactly the same way or else we cannot be one together in Christ.

Even though this is the doctrine of those who man the System, it is impossible for them to be consistent, for even those within a given party disagree with each other on numerous things. Those who reject their brothers who are instrumentalists will differ with each other on whether one can be a Mason or on marriage and divorce. The anti-Herald of Truth brothers may

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stand firmly together on that issue, but then debate each other over the legitimacy of Florida College, with no break in fellowship. We have "pros" aplenty and "antis" aplenty who line up against others in the Body over this or that issue, and then argue with each other over a dozen other differences. When it comes to the millennium, or the societies, or the Sunday School they will blast their brothers who differ with them with "We must all speak the same thing." But within each of the parties that hard-line demand for conformity is greatly tempered. One has to conclude that 1 Cor. 1:10 is made to apply only to those items that are peculiar to a particular segment. You *must* speak the same thing about instrumental music, but not necessarily on believers serving in the military. You *must* be exactly alike on the issue of cups, but not necessarily on whether one can be a Mason.

The truth is that 1 Cor. 1:10, *as abused in this manner,* never has been, is not now, nor will it ever be consistently practiced by any believer. The reason is simple: it is impossible. You may as well talk about our cells or genes all being alike, or our fingerprints all being alike (the FBI would be disappointed). Men do not think exactly alike about *anything,* much less the Bible, and it is asinine to argue that the scriptures enjoin what is so obviously impossible. In their saner moments all our party leaders will grant that there may be some differences of opinion and that some allowance should be made for diversity. Such an admission is a repudiation of their interpretation of 1 Cor. 1:10, for if that verse means what they say, on what basis can they make exceptions to its application? If we have to see eye to eye on instrumental music in order to be united, why not on every other point as well? Those who allow for diversity in areas of "opinion" but insist on uniformity in areas of "faith" have to serve as judges over other men's consciences by determining for everybody else precisely what points come under faith and which come under opinion. The truth is, what is a matter of opinion to one man is a matter of faith to the next, and vice-versa. That leaves this abusive use of 1 Cor. 1:10, floundering in a sea of confusion, with nothing to hang on to. It comes to mean this: *We have to see eye to eye on all those points my party determines to be matters of faith; in other areas there can be differences.*

With each party within the Body there'll be a different list as to what are matters of faith. Each demands that all the rest "line up" on its particular items, otherwise there can be no fellowship – quoting 1 Cor. 1:10 all the way. Things really go helter-skelter when something is shifted from a matter of opinion to a matter of faith, which frequently occurs. Our people had instrumental music here and there among the congregations for a full generation without any great fuss made over it either way. When some of our leaders shifted it from opinion to faith, which began to happen following Sand Creek in 1889, it then became something concerning which we had "to speak the same thing." So with premillennialism. R.H. Boll had believed it for half a lifetime, even while serving as an editor of the *Gospel Advocate*, before it occurred to anyone that it was a matter of faith instead of opinion. Then 1 Cor.

1:10 came in handy. So, since the 1930's we've all had "to speak the same thing" in interpreting Rev. 20 or we can't be brothers in the fellowship of the Spirit!

The kind of uniformity insisted upon, which 1 Cor. 1:10 is suppose to teach, never has been in the church and never will be. The very apostle that penned those words was sometimes at variance with other apostles and his co-laborers. Gal. 2:6-8 shows that he and Peter had different ideas as well as different dispositions, and so God assigned them different ministries, though Paul finally rebukes Peter to his face (2:14). Peter finally writes of how he not only did not sometimes see eye to eye with Paul, but that oftentimes he found him hard to understand (2 Pet. 3:15). That is no way for a "loyal" preacher to talk, for it is all as plain as day. Even a fool cannot err therein! (I have that passage on my list of abused scriptures.) We are all to understand it alike, and thus speak the same thing, just as 1 Cor. 1:10 says!

Who can really believe that the primitive congregations were all alike, all practicing exactly the same thing? The evidence is to the contrary. The Body at Jerusalem was so closely tied to its Jewish context that it never really became truly catholic in either attitude or outreach. Antioch was a "liberal" congregation by comparison, with Jews and Gentiles sharing the intimacy of the table, really one in the Messiah together. Corinth was still different, out in the far reaches of the pagan world as it was. They even had tongue-speaking going on, which was almost certainly a rarity among the congregations. Rome was still different. So was Ephesus. They most certainly did *not* "speak the same thing" in any sense of doctrinal uniformity.

That very letter of *1 Corinthians* shows that Paul could not have had sameness of viewpoint in mind. In chapter 8 he recognizes that some of them had "knowledge" about idols while others did not. In the early verses he states that he and other believers realize that an idol is nothing, and so whether meat has been sacrificed to an idol doesn't matter. Then he says in verse 7: "However, not all possess this knowledge. But some, through being hitherto accustomed to idols, eat food as really offered to an idol; and their conscience, being weak is defiled."

Why doesn't he tell those who did not have this "knowledge" to get with it and line up? He recognizes that such differences can and will exist. People are different, not only in temperament and background, but in their ability to make distinctions. He finally says, "If food is a cause of my brother's falling, I will never eat meat, lest I cause my brother to fall." Here he recognizes an understandable difference in doctrine. He does not insist upon conformity. He rather insists that it is love, not knowledge, that builds up, and in that love brothers are to bear with each other. Unity in diversity! There is of course no other kind of unity, whether it be in a marriage, in a legislative body, or in a congregation.

1 Cor. 1:10 itself, once carefully viewed in context, reveals what the apostle really means. The phrase "speak the same thing" is placed over against "that there be no divisions among you.". The words "be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment" stand opposite to "there are contentions among you" (v. 11). The RSV has *quarreling*. They were quarreling over whose little schism was greatest, saying: "I belong to Paul" or "I belong to Cephas" or "I belong to Apollos" or "I belong to Christ."

The apostle is saying that he wants them united rather than divided; he wants them at peace rather than at war with each other. Phillips renders it: "Speak with one voice, and not allow yourselves to be split up into parties." They were to be in agreement (united) and not divided. Their one voice was to be faithfulness to Jesus, not loyalty to any mortal man, whether Paul or Cephus or Apollos. Since Christ is not divided, they are not to be divided.

The same thought is in Rom. 15:5-6: "May the God of steadfastness and encouragement grant you to live in such harmony with one another, in accord with Christ Jesus, that together you may with one voice glorify the God and father of our Lord Jesus Christ." That they were to be of "one voice" could not possibly mean that they were to see eye to eye on everything, for in the previous chapter he had enjoined them not to judge each other over the differences that existed between them, which the apostle readily allows.

A counselor might urge a quarreling married couple to "be united in the same mind and same judgment." Only a fool would suppose he meant that they were to see everything exactly alike. They are to "speak the same thing" in bearing witness to the oneness and purpose of their marriage. So it is in Paul's urging the Corinthians to speak as of one mind. They are the Body of Christ, which cannot be divided, despite differences.

Another fallacy underlying this abuse of scripture is the assumption that uniformity of doctrine means unity in Christ. This would no more be the case than with a married couple that sees eye to eye on all subjects, assuming it to be possible. It is not *that* (a docile acceptance of each other's views) that makes them one. It is their love, their common goals, their purpose in life, their sacrifices together. All this can be true of their marriage even though they see a lot of things differently. On the other hand, they may be like two peas in a pod, so identical to each other (they even get to where they look alike!) as to be as boring to each other as much as to everybody else -- and yet not be truly one in their marriage.

You may find churches where everybody buckles under and accepts the party line with no variation. They are like the schoolteacher that went far back into the bushes for his first job. An illiterate board member asked him his position on the shape of the world, whether round or flat. "What's the going opinion in these parts?" was his prudent reply. With enough browbeating people can be brought to some kind of blind conformity to each other's views. But who says that this makes them any more united in Christ? People who are free to think, question, and differ are more likely to manifest the oneness that is in Jesus.

After all, that is what it is all about. The great miracle is that God has taken us all, so different in so many ways, and has moulded us into the likeness of Jesus, with each of us still

his own unique self. "All these are inspired by one and the same Spirit, who apportions to each one individually as he wills" (1 Cor. 12:11).

Our responsibility is to "Welcome one another, therefore, as Christ has welcomed you, for the glory of God" (Rom. 15:7). You were not right about everything, nor were you in perfect agreement with your brothers and sisters, when Jesus received you. He took you in, however oddball you might be, and that because of his love for you. That is the basis upon which I am to take you in, on the basis of the gospel. If you accept Jesus as Lord and obey him in baptism, I am to receive you, warts and all. It matters not at all of how right or wrong you may be on instrumental music or whatever your hang up might be on Herald of Truth.

Thanks be to God that we do not have to see eye to eye on all these issues that we have used as excuses for being torn asunder into separate camps. But we are to speak the same thing in reference to the Lordship of Jesus – the one faith, the one Lord, the one baptism. If we have to wait for eye to eye conformity for the saints to be one, then they will never be one, perhaps not even in heaven itself. We can, nonetheless, accept each other as brothers and sisters on the ground that we are all God's children. Whatever agreements His family should have will be cultivated only in an atmosphere of love and acceptance, never in a quagmire of threats and pressures. – *the Editor.*

Bicentennial Notes on Restoration History . . .

THE GOLDEN ORACLE OF THE MOVEMENT

On August 22 or 23, 1827 Alexander Campbell left his home in Bethany, Virginia to attend the annual meeting of the Mahoning Baptist Association in New Lisbon, Ohio, where he would serve as a messenger of the Wellsburg (Virginia) Church of Christ, along with his father-in-law John Brown, and where he would be one of the speakers for the occasion.

On his way he stopped off in Steubenville, Ohio to invite Walter Scott to go along with him. Scott was reluctant to do so since he was not a member of the Association, but agreed to it upon Mr. Campbell's insistence. It proved to be an event that turned his life in an entirely different direction, and in retrospect it can be viewed as one of the most significant occasions in the history of our Movement.

Scott was at this time teaching an academy in Steubenville and ministering to a small Baptist church, as he had done previously in Pittsburg where he first met Alexander Campbell. Born in Scotland, Oct. 31, 1796, he had arrived alone in New York on July 7, 1818, while James Monroe was President, at the age of 22. Met by the uncle who was responsible for his coming to the New World, he first served as a Latin teacher on Long Island. An

acquaintance in New York, a man his own age, convinced him that he should seek his fortune in the West. They set out together for Pittsburg, and to save money *they walked all the way!* That wasn't a problem to Scott, for, being a great lover of natural beauty he relished this close communion with the frontier wilderness. Having basked somewhat in the cultural glory of Edinburgh, he found a new world in the rude cabins and inns along the way, where he met hardy teamsters transporting goods across the frontier and rugged pioneers blazing trails for a new nation.

He had been orphaned while yet a boy. His father, a music teacher, died suddenly away from home. When his very sensitive mother heard the news, she too died suddenly. They were buried at the same time in the same grave. They had ambitious plans for their son, hoping that he might be trained as a minister in their native Presbyterian Church. Money that they had saved made it possible for him to graduate from Edinburgh University, a rare privilege in those days for a youth of modest means, if not still.

In Pittsburg he met another native Scot, George Forrester, in whose school he taught. This man, part of the budding Restoration Movement, convinced him that immersion rather than sprinkling was the apostolic order, and, after a bout with his pride, Scott was immersed. He also met Nathaniel Richardson, who placed under his tutorage his 13-year old son, Richard, who was destined to fulfill a noble role in our history. He was previously tutored by Thomas Campbell, who conducted one of his several schools in Pittsburg. Scott was a frequent and appreciated visitor in the highly-cultured, Episcopalian home of the Richardsons.

An interruption came into his life in Pittsburg by way of a tract on baptism, issued by a Haldane "Scotch Baptist" church in New York, that he thought he had to visit. The tract also reached the hands of Alexander Campbell, and one would suppose that it would have done for Campbell and Scott in 1821 what it took the MacCalla debate to do several years later – awaken their minds to the idea of baptism for remission of sins. The tract focused upon Mk. 16:16, Acts 2:38, Act 22:16 and Rom. 6:3-4 as clearly as any of our people ever have, unmistakably relating baptism to the remission of sins. Campbell and Scott saw this as true, but, like the man Jesus healed of his blindness who could at first see men only as trees walking, they saw it only dimly. Greater comprehension would come later.

Thinking that this New York church would provide him a happy ministry, Scott closed his school and went there. It was an unfortunate period for him, for he found the church to be like some of our own these days, long on profession but short on practice. He wandered through New Jersey and then to Baltimore and Washington, visiting churches that were suppose to be turned on to renewal, but each time he was disappointed. While in Washington he climbed to the dome of the capitol and there sat down, making it his juniper tree, bemoaning the sad plight of God's church on earth.

In the meantime he had received a letter from Nathaniel Richardson, inviting him back to Pittsburg to resume his school, at a much better salary. He set out on foot and again *walked* the

300 miles from Washington to Pittsburg. If John Knox were called "the thundering Scot," Walter Scott could well be called "the *walking* Scot." This oddity of his was prompted more by his love for nature and the out-of-doors than by poverty.

His excellence as a teacher was soon recognized. His students were limited to 15, still including Robert Richardson, but as the people saw the results of his painstaking efforts, the demand for his services soared. Once the limit was removed, his school rapidly increased to 140 students. Along with the usual study of history and the classics, he taught his students moral principles, supported by his own exemplary life. He was deeply devoted to the scriptures, especially to the life of Jesus, and shared with his students the gospel records *in the original language*. He often walked with young Robert and talked about the glory of Christ on the family farm located on the outskirts of the city, but what is now downtown Pittsburg.

It was at this time that he first met Alexander Campbell, in the year 1821. Alexander visited Pittsburg frequently to be with his father, with his friend Sidney Rigdon, minister of the (Reformed) Baptist Church there, and the Richardsons. Robert Richardson, then only 15, was present at the Campbell-Scott meeting and was a longtime friend to both men. When he wrote the *Memoirs of Alexander Campbell* 46 years later, he included a detailed comparison of the two men. He described Campbell, who was nearly ten years older, as fearless, self-reliant and firm, while Scott was naturally timid, diffident and yielding. The older man was calm, steady, and prudent; the younger was excitable, variable, and precipitate. While both were endowed with powers of higher reason, it was the intellect that predominated with Campbell, while feelings excelled in Scott. Campbell tended to generalization, while Scott was given to an analysis of details. Campbell was the logician and philosopher, Scott the poet and musician. Campbell was "the sage of Bethany," while Scott was "the golden oracle."

Neither did they look anything alike. Campbell was tall, vigorous, athletic; Scott was of medium height, slender, and not strong. Campbell was lively and cheerful, Scott was meditative and had an air of sadness. The older man had light hair and eyes, an arched nose and rugged countenance, the younger had straight features delicately chisled, with dark and lustrous eyes, bearing a softness lacking in the eagle-glance so striking in Campbell, and his hair was as black as the raven's wing.

Despite these contrasts, or perhaps because of them, these two eminent advocates of reform were destined to share each other's labors and trials and to complement each other in their common search for truth. They loved each other deeply and had a mutual respect for the wisdom and ability of the other. A few years later when Campbell was ready to launch his first publication, it was Scott who advised him to call it *The Christian Baptist*, because of the advantage this would give it among the Baptists with whom they mostly were working. When Campbell prepared for the MacCalla debate, it was Scott who was his trusted adviser, along with his father. And Scott was Campbell's

first assistant editor, writing for him in the *Christian Baptist* under the name of Phillip.

Twenty years after they first met Campbell wrote to Scott: "We were associated in the days of weakness, infancy, and imbecility, and tried in the vale of adversity, while as yet there was but a handful. My father, yourself, and myself were the only three spirits that could (and providentially we were the only persons thrown together that were capable of forming any general or comprehensive views of things spiritual and ecclesiastical) cooperate in a great work or enterprise. The Lord greatly blessed our very imperfect and feeble beginnings; and this is one reason worth a million that we ought always to cherish the kindest feelings, esteem, admiration, love."

Providence works in amazing ways to bring people and events together. Gathered there in Pittsburg were men with whom God could launch a movement: Thomas and Alexander Campbell, Walter Scott, and Robert Richardson. It was an unlikely mixture of Presbyterians and Episcopalians, three of whom God had gathered from the Old World. They were all highly cultured, well-educated men, far superior to their clerical associates, and they had in common one precious ingredient, a love for Christ.

Providence was surely at work when it had Scott at that meeting of the Mahoning Association. There is no indication that Campbell had any idea of what was to happen when he dropped by Steubenville to take Scott along with him. A new day was dawning, not as much for the Association but for the cause of reform.

The Mahoning Association was made up of only 12 Baptist churches scattered over the Western Reserve, what is now northeastern Ohio. In 1827 these churches reported a membership of only 492. They had baptized only 34 the year before, 11 of these coming from Campbell's congregation. They obviously had little evangelistic zeal and they were still somewhat creed bound even though they had begun to accept reformation ideas. They were inept in communicating the gospel, for most of the preachers still talked more about Calvinistic theology than the plain teaching of the scriptures. But they had grown enough to realize that something special needed to be done in reaching out to the lost, so at this annual meeting they resolved to send an evangelist out into the field, and their choice was Walter Scott.

Scott immersed upwards of 1,000 souls that first year, even after getting off to a slow start. By the time the Association met the next time the number of churches had more than doubled and their ranks had swollen. Due to his biblical emphasis they became less and less creedal and sectarian, so that by 1830 they not only cared no more to designate themselves Baptists or even Christian Baptists but they dissolved their Association and evolved as Christian Churches, Disciples of Christ, or Churches of Christ.

Scott lifted the Movement off dead center and gave it a new impetus through Christ-centered preaching and by explaining the plan of salvation in simple terms that a child could not only understand it but he too could preach it. Many "farmer preachers" answered the call of reform throughout the Western Reserve, several of whom, such as Amos Allerton who

preached in Ohio for 50 years, became crucial additions to the cause. It was Scott who converted Aylette Raines, a Universalist preacher who in turn persuaded a fellow Universalist, Ebenezer Williams (they immersed each other after a careful study of Scott's teaching), both of whom served the Lord hard and long.

He gave the Baptist preachers a more workable approach to the gospel, moving them away from their *isms* to the Bible itself, and he got higher mileage out of them by taking them as fellow workers. The second year out he told the Mahoning people: "Give me my Bible and William Hayden and we'll convert the world." Hayden went on to serve the cause for 35 years, riding horseback for 60,000 miles over the Reserve, planting many congregations.

Adamson Bentley is another honored name in our history, a Baptist preacher brought into the Movement more fully by Scott. Bentley was one of the founders of the Mahoning Association and he had favored Scott as an evangelist, but he had grown suspicious of him since his style and message were so contrary to Baptist practice. When Scott arrived at Bentley's church in Warren Ohio, he told the pastor: "I have the saw by the handle, and I expect to saw you all asunder," referring to the Baptist tendency to hold on to their creed. Bentley's prejudices broke down as he listened to "the golden oracle" through eight days, glorifying Jesus and laying out the gospel in such an eloquent and precise way. Scott immersed 29 in that meeting and the entire church, save two, accepted "the new order of things," including the minister. Bentley himself became a great power. Once he was freed from the shackles of a gloomy and depressing system, he witnessed for the liberty that is in Jesus in schools, barns, homes, courthouses, and wagon beds.

Up to the time of Scott the Movement had had little outreach. It was mostly Baptist, and even they were hardly with it. There had been but few baptisms. Scott was the catalyst around which the Movement began to move. He surprised the Campbells and alarmed the Baptists with his success. Alexander sent his father over into Ohio to see what was going on. Thomas wrote back that Scott was putting into practice what they were holding only in theory. A new day had dawned.

The evangelist must have been something else. He would go into a town and encounter the kids on the way home from school. "Hold up your left hand," he would say to them, and with the right hand he'd have them count off the five steps of salvation: faith, repentance, baptism, remission of sins, and the gift of the Holy Spirit. He would have them memorize these and count them off in unison, and then send them home to teach it to their parents, telling the kids to bring their parents to the schoolhouse that night to hear him preach the gospel.

His success was phenomenal, though it was slow catching on, due to its strangeness. His first meeting was in New Lisbon, Ohio. Despite large crowds or however much he zeroed in on Act 2:38 and the five-finger exercise, only one person finally stepped forward to be immersed. He was William Amend and his is an interesting story. Studying the scriptures on his own, being a devout Presbyterian, he became disenchanted with religious systems and unsure of his own obedience. Deciding he would be immersed, he asked his pastor to do this for him. When the pastor would do this only with reservation, disclaiming any importance to it, Mr. Amend told him to forget it, that he would wait for someone who believed as he did.

When Scott came to town, Amend supposed that he would be like all other preachers and would speak only of total depravity, predestination, the mourner's bench, or whatever. Once he decided to hear him, he found that he could not get into the building, so he listened from the outside, hearing the voice but seeing no man. Scott went over the five steps, showing that man's part in salvation is to believe, repent and be baptized, while God's part is remission of sins and the gift of the Spirit. Amend had to see the oracle, the golden oracle, that had brought to him the message that he himself had found in the Book. He wormed his way through the crowd and on down front when the evangelist issued the invitation.

Scott in after years, recalling his beginnings, not only names Amend as his first convert, but probably the first convert since apostolic times that had been immersed with a view to remission of sins. He had not; the Campbells had not; Barton Stone had not; the Baptists generally had not. It is noteworthy that none of these, though they finally accepted Scott's approach, ever supposed that they should be rebaptized. The Movement would be 60 years older, after these men were all gone, that any of our people began to reimmerse those who did not understand the full import of baptism, and even then it was strongly opposed by the old leaders.

In later years Campbell gave Scott credit for doing something for the church that he had not done: "Brother Walter Scott, who in the fall of 1827, arranged the several items of faith, repentance, baptism, remission of sins, and the Holy Spirit and eternal life, restored them in this order to the Church under the title of Ancient Gospel, and successfully preached it for the conversion of the world."

He went on to dwell on Scott's special contribution on the last point, the Holy Spirit, recommending that Scott's essay on "Discourse on the Holy Spirit" be studied as representative of what Disciples believe about the Spirit. Scott clearly taught that the Spirit dwells in each believer, comforting and helping him. He also wrote a definitive work on the glory of Christ in a work entitled *The Messiahship*, one of the most brilliant books published in our history. These were his constant themes, Christ and the Spirit.

In Nashville a few years back I was talking with that great Campbell scholar, Eva Jean Wrather, who was complaining to me that our folk in the "Church of Christ" wing of the Movement were not Campbellites at all but Scottites, which she did not intend as a compliment. She apparently has interpreted Scott as a legalist. But she missed it on both counts. Scott was anything but a legalist – and we are not Scottites! If we were after the order of Scott, we would believe in the gift of the Spirit for every believer like he did.

To the contrary, we have betrayed the five-step exercise that Scott bequeathed to the Movement. We have inserted *confession*, which according

to the scriptures is not an act to be performed by the sinner leading up to baptism (where was the confession on Pentecost?), and we have left out the Holy Spirit. We have also added *hearing*, which of course is understood and need not be included. And so we too come up with five steps – hearing, faith, repentance, confession, and baptism – all of them pointing to what man does. Scott's preaching laid great stress on the last two points – remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Spirit – which God does.

Walter Scott labored on for Jesus' sake until the beginning of the Civil War. He was preaching still, in Mayslick, Ky., when Fort Sumter was fired upon on April 12, 1861. He returned home terribly grieved that his adopted country was torn by war, and he feared the end would be total ruin. Typhoid pneumonia proved his undoing. He had suffered much through life from persecution, privations and sorrows. He had buried a four-year old daughter and two dear wives on a frontier that was agony for women. On April 23 he departed, not leaving home but going home. In those last days he expressed gratitude for the work God had given him to do, and he called out some of the names of brothers that it had been his honor to work with. Besides the Campbells, he names Barton W. Stone, John T. Johnson, and Raccoon John Smith. But most of all he was thankful that he had been called to build up the kingdom of God on earth. Those who stood by his bed supposed they were hearing one who stood at the very gate of glory, for he spoke eloquently once more of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and the myriad hosts washed in the blood of the Lamb, of the great white throne and Him who sat upon it. The rapturous voice of "the Golden Oracle" was at last stilled. He was 65.

On that fateful day when General Beauregard turned his guns on Fort Sumter Alexander Campbell was on a speaking tour through eastern Virginia. He cancelled all his engagements and hurried his gig back to Bethany. Before he got back home Lincoln had called for 75,000 volunteers and there was preparation for war in every town of a once peaceful state. His heart was broken, for he too adored his adopted land, especially Virginia. Then came word of the death of Walter Scott. The old patriarch, now 74, sat down in his writing chair under the old grandfather clock that graced a corner of his parlor and wrote:

"No death in my horizon, outside of my own family, came more unexpectedly or more ungratefully to my ears. Next to my father, he was my most cordial and indefatigable fellow-laborer in the origin and progress of this present Reformation. We often took counsel together in our efforts to plead and advocate the paramount claims of original and apostolic Christianity. His whole heart was in the work. He was, indeed, truly eloquent, in the whole import of that word . . ."

His closest friend was gone and his country was on the brink of disaster. Alexander Campbell must have wept. Then he added:

"I knew him well. I knew him long. I loved him much . . . By the eye of faith and the eye of hope, methinks I see him in Abraham's bosom."

If old Uncle Alex saw Walter Scott, he must have been walking, exploring the expanses of glory, not only cavorting with the angels but pointing out things to them that they had not yet noticed! – *the Editor.*

Pilgimage of Joy . . .

THE DAY MY FATHER WAS BAPTIZED

W. Carl Ketcherside

It was early evening and the sun was only beginning to slant toward the west when my father came out of our little house to sit down on the top step and smoke his pipe. My brother and I sat down on the bottom step on opposite sides so each of us could lean against his legs. This was almost a ritual. Miners who worked the day shift always ate an early supper and then sat out in the front yard to relax and try to cool off before time to go to bed and get some rest as a preparation for going underground the next morning. In the curious jargon of the miners, who had their own word for everything, this was called "hog-eyeing" but I do not know why.

I only recall that my brother and I were always glad when our father came out to "hog-eye" and it made us feel proud to sit down and lean against him. Miners did not tell people they loved them, but our father did not need to do that. It would have seemed a little silly to say something you already knew. While we were sitting there, not saying anything, but just glad to be together, our uncle L.E. came by and stopped at the front gate. We all liked him a lot! He never became angry and he knew how to treat folks. He even talked to us boys as if we were grown-up men. That is why we felt kind of sad inside that he had "gone nuts over religion" and started "going to church every time someone jerked the bell-rope" as our father said.

We knew he was on his way to another meeting in Flat River and that he would climb the huge chat dump and cross the high railroad trestle which had been haunted ever since a miner slipped from it one night and was killed when he landed on the rocks below. Some of our neighbors heard his ghost shriek as it was falling again on dark nights. Uncle L.E. leaned on the gate and talked a little about veins and stopes and levels and other underground stuff, and then said, "Well, I'd better be shoving off. I dare you to come and go along with me."

The two of us on the bottom step looked at each other and grinned. We knew what our father would say even though we hated to see him cut our favorite uncle down. We couldn't believe what happened. Our father knocked his pipe out against the edge of the top step. He got up and we thought maybe he was going to fight our uncle. But he said, "I never took a dare in my life, and by God, I don't intend to take one now. Wait till I get my hat." We watched the two of them walk off together toward the chat dump and we were hurt and angry. We felt betrayed and sold out. Tears came to my eyes. I hated religion which broke up good times that were quiet and peaceful and which took a father away from his boys.

The next evening we were just playing around in the yard waiting for our father to come out and "hog-eye" so we could sit beside him and lean against him. But he didn't come out very soon and when he did he had his hat on. We watched with foreboding as L.E. came again. We walked to the gate with our father. He patted both of

us on the head. We could feel the roughness of his palm with the hard callouses from the pick and shovel. I watched until the two of them climbed the chat dump where they were momentarily silhouetted against the evening sky and when they disappeared from sight I ran blubbering to the backyard. I jerked a bean-pole out of the garden and began to savagely beat the rear wall of the summer-kitchen. The neighbor kids were on their knees looking through the fence. One of them yelled, "Whatcha doin'?" I acted as if I did not hear. I wanted to die.

It was about a week later, and we were sitting at the supper table when my father said to my mother, "Annie, I am going to be baptized." My mother did not become angry. She spoke softly but firmly, "I knew you would be, but please do not ask me to go and see it. And don't ever ask me to change from what I grew up in. Never!" My father said, "I'll take the boys to see it." Mother replied, "I can't keep you from doing that, but don't forget you signed your word to rear them in the Lutheran Church, and please remember what you've said about this religion that L.E. has talked you into."

It was about a mile over to the company pond and when we got there on Sunday afternoon a crowd of strange people had already gathered and were waiting. They stood around talking until one of the men took out his watch, looked at it, and then held up his hand to get attention. He began to speak about how my father had repented of his sins. I didn't like that because I did not know my father had any sins. The man continued that he had made the good confession and was going to be buried in baptism. I didn't like the word "buried" either, because when people were buried you didn't see them again. The crowd began to sing a song called "Happy Day" and my father walked out into the water with a man. When they got to the right place they stopped, the man raised his hand and said something and then buried my father out of sight. It was years later I realized that I never again saw the father who was buried.

All of the Cantwell people who had gone to the pond walked back with us, and they all talked to my father whose wet clothes clung to him as he walked. We turned in at our gate and my father went in and changed into a dry outfit. When he came into our other room, he lifted the lid on the cookstove and threw his pipe into the glowing embers. He threw his plug of chewing tobacco and his sack of Bull Durham into the trash sack by the woodbox. One of his nephews dropped by and my father gave him his fiddle together with an extra supply of resin for the bow. "I'll not be needing it again," he said. Two days later when he gave away his treasured Marlin shotgun, my mother became convinced he had lost his mind.

On Monday evening my brother and I were out in the yard again. We did not know if our father would come out or not. Our fears were relieved, for he came and sat down on the top step. We sat down on the lower one as usual. He did not have his pipe but he had a book which L.E. had given him. "Boys," he said, "this is a Bible and it is the word of God. God lives up in heaven and he loves us, and because he does, he gave us this book to tell us how he wants us to live. I don't know much about it yet but I intend to learn what's in it, and I want you to know also. I'm going to read it out loud and that way we will all learn."

We leaned against him and listened as he read. He took it slowly, like one treading unfamiliar ground and that was good. After awhile he closed the book and said, "That's enough for this evening." He began to ask us simple questions about what he had read and when we knew an answer he patted us on the head and made us feel good. I knew then that my fears had been premature. I still had my father and this was the best way to "hog-eye" in the world, with someone you loved reading to you. I wished that our mother could share with us but she couldn't. She said she didn't trust the Bible written in English, and she wished we could understand it in German like Herr Luther had fixed it up. When she talked about other men she called them "Mister" but she always spoke of her favorite hero as "Herr Luther."

Almost every day L.E. stopped by and he and my father talked about the Bible and turned to it to read things they had found in it. My brother was too young to care, but I lay on the grass between them when they brought their chairs out under the cherry tree and listened to every word. They were always explaining to one another what they thought something meant and you could tell they loved it. I loved it too, although I didn't know all it was saying. And every day our father read to us. God came to mean about everything to us and nothing else really mattered.

L.E. and my father wanted to start a church in our village. They said it was too far for everyone to walk to Flat River. They decided to start meeting in a grove of trees, and they made seats which were just planks laid across two-by-fours. The two men went to every house and invited everyone to come for the first Sunday. I had never really been to a church because my father had promised before I was born that I would be raised in the Lutheran church. But now he said to my mother, "I'd like to take the boys with me when Sunday rolls around." We added our pleas and mother said, "All right, go on. It isn't really a church anyhow when a bunch of people meet in the woods."

It was hot and dry and dusty when Sunday morning came, but when we got to the grove it was cool in the shade. The Ketchersides whom L.E. had baptized were all there. Some others he had baptized were there also. The songbooks which had been loaned by Flat River were passed out to the grown folks, but L.E. said, "Give the boys books also." It made us feel big to have our own books with the name *Voices for Jesus* on the front. A man had come from Flat River with the books to lead the singing and when he had finished, my father read a chapter and then prayed. L.E. gave a little talk, my father following by telling about a verse he had read and what he thought God was saying in it.

An old man got up to "wait on the table" but he started to cry and couldn't say anything, so L.E. got up and said the tears were nothing to be ashamed of for the old man had been baptized when he was a boy but had not seen the table of the Lord set for years. He called on my aunt to give thanks and she prayed better than any of them. Later, my father told me it was because she was in practice, that she had prayed every day for him for ten years. Before we finished we all got up and walked to the table and put

money on the white cloth. My brother and I marched up with the others and put the pennies on the table which our father had passed on to us. I looked longingly at mine lying there by the dimes and the one quarter. I wished I could have kept it and gone with it to the company store but there was no way I could do it.

After everyone had shaken hands and hugged one another and cried and laughed we all went home with grandfather and grandmother. My father let us walk with them while he went home to help our mother carry the baby. I heard one of the men say that my grandfather was in "hog heaven" because so much company was going to his place. He loved company. While the women were busy in the kitchen the men sat out on the front porch which was shaded by a clematis vine filled with flowers. They talked about getting a place to meet before the rains set in. L.E. was an excellent carpenter and he suggested buying an old saloon building, cutting it in two, and moving it to a lot in the village and joining it together again. No one had ever seen this done, but he was convincing. They agreed to borrow the hundred dollars for purchase of the saloon. L.E. said that we would give those who came a different sort of drink than they had been served across the bar.

DOWN HOME *with Carl*

The meetings with Northside Chruch of Christ in Xenia, Ohio were interesting and helpful to me. They provided an opportunity for brethren to cross over lines and share together, and despite the wide divergency in opinions of those who attended there was not an untoward moment . . . The meeting with the saints at New Hope Christian Church, at Roanoke, Virginia was especially intriguing because of the study we did on mutual ministry and the priesthood of all believers. Russell N. Hall had already been teaching along this line. . . . . July 23-27 will find me teaching at the Family Camp near Outlook, Saskatchewan, where I have been many times. This is a primitive camp where the brethren pitch tents in the woods or live in mobile campers. One of the most interesting features is the campfire discussion at night and the early devotional shared by shivering individuals who have reluctantly slid out of warm sleeping bags to stand around the fire and sing praises unto God and share in inspirational talk . . . August 6,7 I am slated to address a Men's Clinic in Bluefield, West Virginia . . August 18-20 I will be with the congregation at Burnside, Illinois, God willing . . . September 3-6 I am to be at Featherstone Christian Camp near Lakeside, California . . . September 15-17 I will be at Springs Valley Church of Christ, near French Lick, Indiana; and September 29-October 1 at Austin, Minnesota . . . . Nell and I would like to send a free copy of my book *The Parable of Telstar and Other Talks* to any college or university student who writes us at the address below. Please mention the school where you are enrolled . . . Those of you who are interested in what I said at Belmont Avenue in Nashville, can get a complete set of cassettes including the morning question forums by sending $12.50 to Koinonia Bookstore, 1000 Sixteenth Avenue South, Nashville, Tennessee 37212. It's a bargain. – *W. Carl Ketcherside, 139 Signal Drive, Saint Louis, Missouri 63121.*

OFFICE NOTES

You are probably interested in a short, easy-to-read, fast-moving history of the early church. Harry Boer has produced such a volume, a 200-page paperback for 2.95. He traces the history to the eighth century, with emphasis on people, places, institutions events. He gives special attention to the controversies.

It is well to bear in mind that one who has eyes and will not read is no better off than he who has no eyes and cannot read. We are all morally obligated to improve ourselves, and this can begin with good books. Read and God will bless you, even if it means facing your TV to the wall. In this column we take particular pains to tell you of the very best reading you can do (in our opinion) at the least possible price. Books are high, true, but we can all afford to make an occasional purchase. They can then be shared with others, or they can be studied and marked, laid aside for a time, and then studied still more.

A lot of our young and old alike will profit from Lewis Smedes' *Sex for Christians,* in paper at 2.95. Keith Miller says of it: "He does not give easy, permissive answers which bypass biblical injunction, but tries to face head-on many of the specific problems which are involved in trying to live as a Christian in a sensually oriented world."

Let us insist that you do some first-class Bicentennial reading in a new edition of *The Federalist Papers.* The writings of Hamilton, Jay, and Madison are abridged, giving the reader the essence of the thinking of the men who wrought out a new government. I have read from these papers to my boys and my students, and you'll be pleased if you do the same. Madison's insight into human nature is uncanny! Lester DeKoster, the editor, provides helpful introductions and notes. In paper at 3.45.

A.M. Hunter is one of the great scholars of Scotland, and anything he writes is worth your attention and money. For 2.65 we will send you his *Interpreting the Parables.* He lucidly lays out the meaning of the kingdom, as he sees it. Along with this consider his *Gleanings from the New Testament,* which is 30 brief discussions on varied topics about Jesus and the apostles. It provides insights into ethics, original sin, godliness, and what he calls "the eleventh commandment." 5.45.

For awhile yet we can still send a new subscriber all the issues for this year, but we do this only when it is requested. Otherwise a new reader begins with the current number. For the remainder of this year you can subscribe or renew for 2.00 per year, 3.00 for two years. You can send us a list of five or more names and we will mail them the paper a full year for only 1.00 per name. We encourage you to do this so as to help us increase our outreach. We gain many new friends, readers who go on to renew again and again, in this way. So this is your way

to share effectively with some of your friends. We do *not* reveal who sends in what names, despite requests. Since we keep no record once the plate is cut, we could not supply such information even if we chose to.

William Barclay fans will want to know that his *Introduction to the First Three Gospels*, long respected as a fine introduction, is now available in paperback at 5.95. His *Introduction to John and Acts*, a companion volume, is the same price. These are great bargains and will really bless you if you will study them. These are not to be confused with his *Daily Bible Study*. These also are being issued in paperback in *revised* form. We will send them to you one at a time, if you would like, at 3.45 each.

We have a few copies each of Carl Ketcherside's *Mission Messenger* for 1972, 73, 74, and 75 at 3.75. For 2.95 each we also have his *Death of the Custodian* and *Heaven Help Us.*

READERS EXCHANGE

I had an experience with the Lord Jesus Christ two years ago and have been trying to decide just where I really belong. Love is the answer and this is what God has given me, and I am uncomfortable with legalism. Your articles have helped me. – *a physician in central Texas*

I appreciate your little paper. I'm a comparatively new subscriber. "The Word Abused" series is very good. I have long held your conclusions, and I supposed everyone did. With whom have you been associating? Or where have I been? We are just a congregation of believers who have mostly come out of the world into a new life in Christ. – *Erick Bloom, Box 263, Saginaw, Minn.*

I am glad that I have received my last issue of *Restoration Review*. You can save my issues for someone else as I didn't ask for them in the first place. We don't go along with what it teaches and you can tell who ever sent in our name. Thank you for removing our name. – *Paden City, WV.*

(You'd be surprised how fast Ouida can remove the plate of the likes of this West Virginia brother. We want *no one* to receive the paper who feels this way about it. To disagree, that is fine, but to dump it without a fair reading, or to allow it to give you the belly ache – well it costs too much in time, money, and labor for that. I wrote to this brother that in all probability the paper was sent to him by someone who loved him and who supposed that he was free enough to consider material with which he might disagree. I explained that I would never grow any at all if I read only what I agreed with. This is a good place for us to say that we do not keep any records of who subscribes for whom. We get lots of request from readers who want to thank somebody for introducing them to the paper. – Ed.)

I read with great interest and sadness your "The Brotherhood's Finest Hour." May I encourage you to speak out even more. The article was a masterpiece of righteous indignation, or an event that calls for such a reaction. My sadness is that we have allowed a small group of men to obtain such power. Thanks for your honesty and integrity. Your article was needed. I just wish more would read it, and *listen!* – *a Youth Minister, California*

I am so happy that you zeroed in on "the brotherhood's finest hour." If that was our finest, the subtle threat and browbeating of an eldership into submission, then God preserve us from some of the worst hours. It is a little like the Mafia writing an encomium upon the final giving in of the government to their demands and agreeing that from now on the godfather will call the shots rather than the president elected by the people. – *Carl Ketcherside, 139 Signal Hill Dr., St. Louis 63121*

How I praise the Lord for your paper, as well as *Integrity, Mission, and Mission Messenger*, because of the strength and encouragement I have gained from each during these past few years of painful struggle from legalism to freedom in Jesus. I say painful because my Church of Christ background surely didn't help. At times I felt I had lost all identity and that is a very insecure feeling, but praise the Lord I have come to a faith built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness. – *Linda Kelley, 8172 Pine Crest Dr., Chattanooga, Tn.*

I have been reading your *Restoration Review* for several months. Sometimes it is very upsetting because it contains so much error. What a shame for two knowledgeable, good Christian men to be teaching such untruths. – *Fredericktown, Mo.*

(If those who are concerned about the error we teach would be more specific and tell us the points in which we err and why, it would be more helpful. But still we are thankful for all criticisms. I am at a loss, however, as to who the *second* man might be who joins me in "such untruth." One brother happens to be writing his life story. Surely the sister from Missouri is not suggesting that she knows more about another man's life than the man himself knows. But we *both (!)* love her, anyhow. – Ed.)

Yesterday I received the following in a single delivery of mail: *Contending for the Faith, Restoration Review, Firm Foundation, Gospel Advocate,* and a past due notice on my Master Charge. Now wasn't that a blow for a fellow who was already down in the dumps? – *Winston Hamby, Box 7, Hobbs, NM 88240*

(We take it that it was the Master Charge bill that added to our brother's woes, nothing else! – Ed.)

I feel that you have picked my brain and I'm reading my own thoughts, It's a comfort to know someone else is thinking along these lines, as untraditional as they are. You certainly build my faith and give me lots to think, pray and study about. Praise the Lord! – *Mrs. Dave Jones, Rt. 3, Midlothian, Tx. 76065*

I am in a wheelchair. Our handicapped should look upon their disadvantage as a blessing in disguise. A